

HnBSG: The CylonUNSC War

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Summary: Five years after the EarthCovenant War the outer colony Terra nova is attacked by mysterious chrome warships. Who will survive?

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*H/nBSG: The Cylon/UNSC War\*\***

**\*\*The Story So Far:\*\***

Five years ago, high above Earth, a phenomenal event occurred that forever altered the course of human history. Separatist forces, under the command of the Arbiter, entered Earth space after destroying Delta Halo and the High Charity. With the aid of Commander Miranda Keyes, Sergeant Avery J. Johnson, and 343 Guilty Spark, Loyalist Covenant forces either defected to the Arbiter's fleet or were destroyed along with the Ark. Unfortunately, the Master Chief was last reported near the Ark. His fate, sadly, remains unknown.

This event marked the beginning of the UNSC/Sangheili (Elite) Separatist Alliance. For the next five years the Covenant Hegemony collapsed into disarray. Numerous disorganized splinter kingdoms are all that remains of the Covenant. The last major offensive by the UNSC/Sangheili Alliance took out the last great loyalist fleet over Beta Halo. Needless to say, a state of uneasy peace now exists between Humanity and the Separatists.

Since that time the UNSC has begun putting its weight behind a renewed colonization effort. Tens of thousands now reside in colonies established in the far recesses of space. The keystone of humanity's renewed colonization effort is the planet Gaia. Set up as a forward base five years ago, Gaia acts as a relay and re-supply base for patrolling UNSC/Separatist ships and human colony ships. Gaia is only 15 parsecs away from Harvest, a grisly reminder of the Earth/Covenant War.

The year is now 2557, and it will be a year of reunions and tribulations that man, alien and machine will never forget, and it all begins in a little nebula just on the fringes of Earth's new frontier. Who will survive?

**\*\*1\*\***

**\*\*Outskirts of Mataru Nebula\*\***

**\*\*13th Autonomous Taskforce\*\***

**\*\*00:15 Hours, October 6th, 2557\*\***

Three ships; two Marathon class battlecuisers and an Odyssey class frigate, slowly approached the iridescent, grayish azure nebula. The first report from the newly built Remote Scanning Outpost Spyglass One indicated strange anomalous readings from the Mataru Nebula. With Mataru's close proximity to several Earth outposts under Gaia's jurisdiction, the 13th has been dispatched to investigate.

The readings could have been an increase in electrical activity or several slipspace entries in the nebula. No one could be sure since heavy ionization within the nebula fouled up all but the most sensitive scanning equipment. If the disturbance was slipspace ruptures, then it could only mean one thing. Loyalist forces were on the move in this sector.

**\*\*UNSC Wings of Daedalus \*\***

**\*\*Odyssey classfrigate\*\***

**\*\*13th Autonomous Taskforce\*\***

Commander John Agiad entered the dimly lit, cramped bridge of the Wings of Daedalus. John was about 46 years old, almost 7 feet tall, and highly athletic. The Daedalus was the third ship in the newest line of Odyssey class frigates. The ship featured enhanced reactor capacity, improved slipspace drives and a first generation, ship-grade energy shield. This was all thanks to the Sangheili Alliance engineers working with UNSC scientist at the Reyes-McLees shipyards over Mars. John personally wondered when the UNSC would make use of energy shields on ships for sometime now.

Lieutenant Commander Leroy Madea, John's XO, sat in the center chair unaware that the Commander was right behind him.

"Boo!" Leroy's heart skipped a beat. He turned toward the Commander chuckling to himself. The commander had warned Leroy of these little flash scare tactics. It had to do with something about preparedness. "You can stay in the chair," John said, smirking a little.

"Of course sir, thank you." Leroy replied. "Ah, Admiral Reed is on fleet wide, sir."

John walked along the left side of the center chair and hitting the comm. button on the armrest. Rear Admiral Reed's grizzled face appeared on the large screen at the head of the bridge. "Admiral Reed to all commands; remote scanning outpost Spyglass One has reported possible slipspace ruptures within the Mataru Nebula. Gaia Fleet

Command has been informed of this situation and has re-diverted Commodore Rork's cruiser squadron to the Terra Nova system."

John punched up a 3D representation of the sector on the Holotank to the right of the command station. The Mataru Nebula blotted out a good portion of the map. "As you may know, Terra Nova is only about four and a half parsecs away from the Mataru Nebula. Terra Nova is a newly selected planet for colonization, and only has a small group of engineers, marines and colonial surveyors. The seventh destroyer group, lead by Senior Captain Toomey, will be entering that system in a few days, escorting a colony ship to the planet."

The commander zoomed in on the holographic display of the nebula. Yellow, pulsating blips indicated the location of the disturbances. They were all centered deep within the nebula. "This mission is a critical one. We must determine whether or not loyalist forces are within the nebula. All ships will maintain combat alert beta while the Wings of Daedalus will launch its three Clarion spy drones and monitor activity within the nebula. Commander, report your findings to my ship and Spyglass One. Reed out."

"We should deploy two toward the nebula and the other into slipspace itself, sir," Leroy suggested.

John nodded in agreement. "All right. Launch the drones and go to combat alert beta."

The beta alert klaxon sounded as Leroy climbed out of the center chair. "Telemetry, report any anomalous readings, and comm., keep a direct line with Spyglass One," Leroy ordered as the Commander took his seat.

**\*\*Outskirts of New Caprica Nebula\*\***

**\*\*Battlestar Galactica Fleet\*\***

It had been over two months since the Galactica Fleet had left New Caprica. The situation seemed hopeless. Even with the civilian volunteers from the small support fleet that followed the Galactica out, both the Battlestars were severely under crewed.

**\*\*Battlestar Galactica, Brig \*\***

Admiral William Adama entered the brig to talk with the Cylon Sharon. Every time he went in to talk with her he couldn't help but to have flash backs of the other Sharon shooting two rounds into his chest. He could never get over that betrayal. Every time he talked with her he wanted to exact revenge on her, but he set that aside every time and now, with New Caprica in Cylon hands, he needed every asset he had left to retake New Caprica. Sharon had proven a good source of information in times past. She even saved the Galactica when its systems had been shut down by a Cylon virus. Now he was going to ask her something she might not readily agree with.

Adama walked up to the glass window and picked up the phone in front of him. Sharon did the same on her end. "Do you know why I am here?" Adama asked.

"The Cylons found you. Didn't they?" Sharon replied.

Adama nodded soberly. "I want to retake New Caprica, but I don't have enough pilots, much less the experienced ones needed to mount this operation. So I am asking you toâ€¦"

"Help you? After you killed my baby!" Sharon yelled into the receiver, causing Adam to yank his receiver away with a jerk. "I know it was you who gave the order Adama, so go FRACK YOURSELF!!!" She punched the glass in front of her, cracking the screen. She started pacing furiously, her knuckles dripping blood.

Adama turned his head to the side and chuckled to himself. "Your baby isn't dead." Sharon couldn't believe what Adama just said. She fell silent and calm. "The president had your real baby replaced with a stillborn child. She's currently in protective care somewhere on New Caprica. And so, if you want your baby back, you're going to have to help me out first."

Tears began to well up in Sharon's eyes. Somehow she knew Adama wasn't lying. "Have you told Helo yet?" Sharon replied.

"Not yet. I want you to tell him personally, that is, if you agree," Adama said.

"What do you want then?" Sharon asked.

Adama smiled. His gamble had worked.

**\*\*Battlestar \_Galactica,\_ Admiral Adama's ready room.\*\***

Admiral Adama sat at his desk, looking over the latest reports on Cylon activity, pilot efficiency, and combat capabilities of the other ships that had left with the \_Galactica\_. He slowly rose up out of his chair, stretched, and took off his glasses. Finally the door opened and his son, Commander Lee Adama, entered the room. Lee had gained some weight since his first few days in command of the Pegasus. Admiral Adama hoped this wasn't a sign of his son going soft on him.

"Welcome commander. Please sit down." William Adama said. Lee could see the exhaustion in his father's eyes. He saluted and sat down in the chair in front of his father's desk. "Lee, do you know why I called you here?" The admiral stated as he took his seat.

"You want to discuss the retaking of New Caprica," Lee replied. They both know that at their present state that it would be nearly impossible, but they had to try. There was no doubt of that.

"We can't possibly win a stand up fight against the Cylons. Not now at least. The DRADIS has picked up some unusual readings throughout the sector. Luckily we have an ace in the hole," Admiral Adama answered.

"What ace in the hole." Lee asked curiously. Then the Cylon Sharon entered the room dressed in her flight suit. Lee rose up stunned. "You can't be serious! That thing put two holes in you! Have you gone mad!?"

"It wasn't me Apollo. It wasâ€¦" Sharon tried to explain.

"I don't care!" Lee retorted.

"Sit down both of you!" Admiral Adama demanded, hurting his throat with the volume of his command. Both Lee and Sharon sat uneasily next to each other. "Sharon has agreed to help us. She'll provide information on possible Cylon supply convoys entering the system. She'll also be flying missions for us. We need her more than ever now, Commander Adama.

"Sir, this is fracking mad. How do we know she won't betray us like she did before?" Lee countered.

Admiral Adama got up out of his chair quickly. "Commander, either you do as I say, or I'll find someone else to do it! The human race is depending on this!" Adama yelled back. Lee nodded his head reluctantly. They had to try something.

Admiral Adama sat back in his chair and continued. "If I know Tigh, he's probably organizing a resistance movement on New Caprica about now. If we can keep the Cylons off balance and take out a few of their base stars and some supply convoys, we might have a better chance," Adama surmised.

**\*\*Nova system, Terra Nova\*\***

**\*\*Colony Establishment Outpost\*\***

**\*\*00:37 Hour, October 6th, 2557\*\***

Sergeant Major Avery J. Johnson lay up against an over turned, burnt-out warthog. It was the dead of night. From his position up top of a hill, pillars of fire rose up, lighting the night's sky. They had hit hard and fast. Scimitar shaped fighters, like none he had ever seen before, had swooped down from the sky and wiped out the complex.

Only Johnson and two other marines who were in the warthog at the time survived. Then some machine resembling chrome walking toasters had found them in the woods. His two marines had been cut down faster than a bunch of grunts. Luckily Johnson had thrown a grenade at the machines and sent them to robot hell.

Unfortunately, the explosion also took out the warthog. Johnson decided to lay low and wait. He took out his last Sweet William cigar and lit it. He took a puff and heard heavy metallic footsteps slowly approaching his location. Johnson looked at the ammo indicator on his battle rifle. He only had 3 rounds left, and it was his last clip. He took another puff from his cigar and drew out his M6C pistol. Johnson leaped from behind the warthog and fired 5 five rounds into the toaster. All but one round glanced off its armor. The fifth penetrated the black slit where it's one red eye oscillated from. The round buried itself in the unit's CPU and the machine froze.

Johnson got up from the ground and carefully approached the still machine. Its red eye stopped moving back and forth in its slit. He tapped the machine and the machine fell backward loudly. "Friggin' tourist!" Johnson wisecracked.

He was just taking another puff of his cigar when a woman walked up to him. She had platinum blond hair, and wore a sultry red dress. It seemed almost out of place to Johnson. She took the smoldering cigar

from Sergeant Johnson's mouth and began to kiss him vigorously. "Oh, I know what the ladies like," Johnson said between kisses.

Then the blond kicked Johnson in the groin. Johnson fell down with a shout of pain. He tried to bring his gun to bear but the female kicked it out of his hands. "Now colonial, you will tell me where your precious Battlestars are," the woman said, her voice very cold, a sharp contrast to the rest of her.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*2\*\***

**\*\*New Caprica, Caprica City\*\***

**\*\*Cylon Occupational Center\*\***

**\*\*Holding Cell 117\*\***

Sergeant Johnson woke up in a brightly lit cell. He was groggy and hurting real bad between his legs. Giving his body a cursory inspection he found no serious injuries, but he had been stripped of his body armor and boots, and only had on his camouflage fatigues. Goosebumps rose on his back from the freezing floor. An older man with a black shirt, black pants, and black suspenders sat next to him on a dull steel chair. The older man also sported a pair of sunglasses and was puffing away with a cigar. Johnson knew it was his and consequently started thinking of how to get it back.

"Well, I was wondering when you were going to wake up," the man stated, smirking. "I must, say this cigar of yours is really good."

"I'm glad ya approve. May I ask what the hell is goin' on?" Johnson asked.

"What is going on? Yes of course," the man answered, laughing a little. Cavil enjoyed these interrogation secessions. The terror in the captives' eyes gave him some sadistic pleasure he could never get anywhere else. Well, except when Colonel Tigh's wife came in; that was a whole other type of pleasure he loved.

"And?!" Johnson demanded, beginning to wonder if this was some sick ONI joke.

"Come, come, come, stop playing coy. I'm the evil Cylon interrogator," the man stated eccentrically, waving his hands about as if to paint an invisible picture. Johnson wondered if he was smoking more than just a cigar.

"What the hell is a Cylon?" Johnson asked, confused. He was getting tired of these games.

"I am the interrogator, I ask theâ€¦ oh frack it." The man paused for a second. "Tell me when and where the Battlestars Galactica and Pegasus were going to link up with you."

"Listen here! I don't what you're talkin' about! My name is Johnson, Avery J., Sergeant Major, United Earth Space Core, Service number:

48789-2094-AJ. And that's all I'm telling ya'," Johnson replied back irritably.

The man sat back in his chair. United Earth Space Core? If this man was claiming to be from Earth, why was he speaking Caprican standard. It had to be some ploy Adama had cooked up, yet the weapons that were recovered from the man's body were different from those used by the Colonials. Cavil dismissed it. "Earth is a fracking myth," the man countered as he rose up from his chair and started toward the door. He was just leaving the room when an explosion rocked the complex. The lights flickered off and on twice before finally giving out.

Johnson took his opportunity and jumped up toward the man, spearing him to the floor. He quickly straddled the guy's chest and began landing haymaker after haymaker across the guy's wrinkled old face, knocking the obnoxious guy out cold. He picked up the small smoldering cigar and bit off the end where the man's lips had been. "If ya didn't want your ass kicked ya' shouldn't have stuck it out so far!" Johnson cleverly remarked.

Johnson grabbed the keys off the man's belt and his pistol. The gun was lighter than the ones Johnson is used to. He filed that fact away for later. Next he stealthily made his way down the dark hallway. The low, muffled moans of the other captives filled the hallway and crept Johnson out. He reached the other end of the corridor, now lit only by red emergency lights and made his way down a stairwell. As he slowly entered the new level he could hear voices from up ahead.

"Damn insurgents! They think we don't have back up generators?" The lights came on surprising Johnson.

"How desperate are these colonials?"

"Earth; fight for her? Ha, what a laugh!"

"I don't know; these weapons are different. I don't think the colonials could have manufactured these."

Johnson pulled out his pistol and entered the room, firing at anything that moved. Three men fell to the ground dead. Each of them looked identical to one another. "Triplets?" Johnson asked himself. He set the unusual circumstances aside and looked over the items present on the table. Battle Rifles, SMGs, Plasma pistols, Plasma grenades, and a burnt poster featuring a view of Earth from the Moon with the text, Earth; fight for her! written on it. The 'Cylons' had even recovered a gift the Arbiter had given Johnson, an engraved energy sword. Whoever these Cylons were, they were going to regret messing with Humanity, but Johnson was going to need some supportâ€|

**\*\*Outskirts of Mataru Nebula\*\***

**\*\*13th Autonomous Taskforce\*\***

**\*\*00:54 Hour, October 6th, 2557\*\***

**\*\*UNSC \_Chieftain \_\*\***

Rear Admiral Reed, the rough and grizzled commander of the Thirteenth Autonomous Taskforce, entered the spacious interior of the \_Chieftain's\_ bridge. Captain Takako Sango, a woman of Japanese decent, was looking over the comm. operator's shoulder.

"Admiral on deck!" A crewman called out.

Captain Sango turned crisply and saluted the Admiral. Her long black hair waved around for a moment at the motion. "Sir, you should see this. \_Spyglass one\_ just sent us this disturbing distress call from Terra Nova," she said, pointing to the screen behind her. On the monitor was a distorted image of a peculiar ship. It had two arrowhead shaped ventral and dorsal hulls facing opposite directions and was connected by a central trunk.

"It looks ominous captain." The Admiral observed. "You think it's some new Loyalist design?"

Sango gently shook her head. "No, I don't think so sir. This transmission was recovered shortly before contact was lost," she replied.

The transmission came on, heavy with static. "Thisâ€|Terraâ€|We've got cont...lots of them...but they're not Covenant...they're fightersâ€|just tearing through us...what the!...ooooohhh...noooooo!!" The transmission ended in a large whine.

The ship's AI, Vidar, shimmered into being on the holotank next to comm. console and interjected, "Besides the transmission, there appears to be no visible engine ports, thus indicating that this is a foreign vessel."

Klaxons blared alive, interrupting the speculation. "Slipspace ruptures! Nine hundred thousand clicks away off our starboard bow!" The tactical officer called out.

"Loyalists!" Sango yelled, fearing the worse.

"No, it's two ships. They're both the same type we were just talking about," Vidar replied calmly. "I'm getting a signal from themâ€|waitâ€| the bastards are trying to hack into our computer systems. What theâ€| they just tried to upload a virus; a very primitive virus at that."

Captain Sango and Admiral Reed looked at each, stunned. Who were these bogeys and why were they trying to subvert their computer systems?

"Sir, I have a large volume of objects launching from the bogeys. They are on an approach vector!" The sensor operator reported.

"Sir, if those are what I think they are then this is clearly an act of war," Sango observed. Admiral Reed nodded in agreement. "Just give the word Admiral," she added.

"The word is given," the Admiral replied back somberly. He knew it couldn't be helped, but it didn't seem right to the admiral none the less. He had signed up to fight loyalist forces, not the unknown.



"Combat Alert Alpha! Warm up the MAC cannons and the Archer missile pods!" Sango ordered immediately.

"They've stopped launching what appear to be fighters. They're over a thousand of them and in 2 minutes they will be all over us," Vidar reported.

Admiral Reed and Captain Sango walked over to the front of the bridge and stared at the three Nav. screens in front of them. Enemy blips, highlighted in orange, blotted out the entire left edge of the screen. "Communications, get me fleet wide," the admiral ordered.

The communications operator tapped a few buttons and hailed the other Marathon, the Cherry Blossom, and the frigate Wings of Daedalus. "You're on admiral."

"This is Admiral Reed. Two unidentified ships are attempting to hack our systems. This is an open act of war and must be dealt with accordingly. All ships execute attack pattern Patton One." The Patton One formation called for the two Marathon battlecruisers; Admiral Reed's flagship the Chieftain, and the Cherry Blossom to form up one on top of the other to maximize each others point defense capabilities while the Wings of Daedalus and the fighters attempt to keep the enemy's fighter screen busy.

Already the UNSC Cherry Blossom was positioning itself below the Chieftain and the two fighter squadrons, Sepia and Auburn, began forming up behind the Daedalus.

"Twenty fighters versus one thousand, now that is unfair. We should even the odds a little," Sango stated menacingly. "Tactical, fire a spread of Archer missiles along with a Shiva."

Over three hundred missiles emerged from their pods and zoomed off toward the oncoming fighter screen. The scimitar shaped fighters swooped down on the missile volley, firing their azure colored KEW rounds in an attempt to shoot down the overwhelming missile volley. Finally stray rounds struck the Shiva. The resulting detonation incinerated the entire enemy fighter screen. The enemy capital ships slowed their approach, likely reconsidering their attack plans after seeing the fate of their fighter wave. But Captain Sango wasn't going to allow them a chance to recover.

"Do we have firing solutions on those enemy capital ships?" Sango asked her tactical officer. By now the Wings of Daedalus, accompanied by two Longsword fighter squadrons, had begun their push against the enemy capital ships.

"Ready to go loud ma'am!" the Tactical officer replied back.

"Fire!" She ordered hastily. Three MAC rounds discharged from their barrels at one third the speed of light toward the ill fated chrome ships. The first round cleaved its way through the central axis of the lead capital ship, the other two punching clean through upper hull segments. The ship began listing heavily to its port side and exploded in a blaze of fire.

"First ship destroyed! The other is pulling away!" Vidar reported in excitement. Everyone on the bridge was surprised at their seeming

victory. The battle shouldn't have been that easy if they were in fact facing loyalist forces.

"Remaining enemy ship is launching additional fighters!" The sensor operator reported.

**\*\*Outskirts of Mataru Nebula\*\***

**\*\*13th Autonomous Taskforce\*\***

**\*\*0054 Hour, October 6th, 2557\*\***

**\*\*UNSC \_Wings of Daedalus\_\*\***

Commander Agiad looked out of the bridge's view port, stunned. The battle had been going on for no longer than a couple of minutes and already the enemy were falling back in seeming disarray.

"Get me Admiral Reed on the line," Agiad ordered.

"Aye sir. Admiral Reed is on the line," the comm. operator replied.

"Yes Commander, what do you want?" Reed replied.

"Sir, the enemy is bugging out. Request permission to engage and finish this fight," Agiad asked.

Reed took off his hat, and smoothed his hair. "Negative, Commander. I'll vector our fighters to intercept-" Reed began to say.

The Nav. officer in front of Agiad turned around interrupting the conversation by reporting, "Sir, Slipspace rupture is forming off the target's bow. It's going to jump!"

Admiral Reed heard the Nav officer over the radio and quickly replied, "Green light! Green light to engage!"

"Punch it! Get us close! Prepare to enter their Slipspace wake," Agiad ordered. The \_Daedalus\_ throttled up and increased speed toward the enemy ship.

"Sir, without a destination solution?" The Nav officer replied, sounding worried. Rightly so too, because if they jumped out of Slipspace into an interstellar body like an asteroid or planet it would game over for everyone.

"Don't worry Nav. We are NOT losing that ship!" Agiad replied hastily. The chrome capital ship disappeared into Slipspace in a brilliant flash of light, along with the \_Daedalus\_.

End  
file.